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## TERMS:

Free to all Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

## SPIRITUAL THERAPEUTICS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., Dec. 18, 1868.

IN dealing with disease, one fundamental principle is to be kept in mind; and that is, that the organs of our bodies are all arranged in a series, and are resolvable into dualities, in each of which is a conspicuous member and a dynamic or controlling member, and in which one member is dependent upon another. For instance, the spinal column in all its ramifications through what is called the nervous system, is evidently connected with the brain and dependent upon the brain. So the bowels and all the lower parts of the digestive apparatus are dependent upon the stomach; and the throat and the organs of the voice are dependent upon the lungs. We may take it as a universal principle in relation to such dualities, that the conspicuous member is the one most liable to disease, and the dynamic is the one from which the cure must come; that is to say, if we are to be cured by spiritual influences, they will proceed in the way indicated, from the controlling member to the conspicuous; in the first place from God to man; then from the soul to the body; and then from the dynamic parts of the body to the conspicuous. In any duality, find out which is first in order, or which is the controlling member, and that is the one upon which the spiritual influences will come first, and from which they will proceed to the other member.

To apply this principle, I should say that diseases of the throat will be cured through some of the vital organs within. Instead of disease working downward from the throat into the lungs, in the proper state of things the vital power that is generated in the stomach, heart and lungs will work upward into the throat, and control and cure all diseases of this exposed member. Again diseases of the eye will be cured by influences which come from the brain. The brain, in reference to the eye, is the controlling member of the duality. The eye is really an extension of the brain, a little brain coming into proximity to the world. It is the conspicuous member, and the most liable to disease. It is most in contact with irritating substances. Then on the other hand the brain, as the controlling member, is nearer to the heart and spirit, and therefore most accessible to the spirit and life

of God. Spinal diseases also must be cured by the influences coming from the brain. It is the seat of the nervous power, and must cure all nervous diseases.

We have had examples in point. H. was raised from a state of great nervous prostration by taking up a course of study. It acted as a tonic. Her eyes, which had been very weak, began to strengthen, and she found that that kind of study which exercised her brain the most, was the best for her eyes. I certainly believe that persons who have weaknesses of that kind, ought to take hold of some study. Instead of thinking they are not able, they should consider that it is just what the brain demands, as the source of invigoration to the nerves. That is the fact borne out in my experience, and in that of H. and others, and that is theoretically the sure way. I recommend to all persons who have weak eyes or weak nerves in any way, instead of giving up to a state of inactivity, to count the exercise of their brain a sure way to a cure. If they settle down into a chronic state of listlessness and idleness of mind, they may be certain their nerves will not grow strong.

The history of the world will show that education, study and reading of books, instead of being the cause of disease, is favorable to the health of the nervous system. The world over, the men that study the most, read the most, and think the hardest, are the people that have the best eyes. The worst diseases of the eye are to be found among savages. The Arabs, who live, as some would think, according to the laws of nature, and ought to be the healthiest of people, are said to be cursed above all others with diseases of the eye; and that indicates the state of their whole nervous system.

## COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

WILLOW-PLACE.

—T. R. N.—“I have lately been a good deal interested in the subject of faith. It is something we ought always to keep before us. I believe that what we all want is, to do away utterly with the idea that any of our passions are too strong for us to subdue. The grace of God is able to make us endure far greater temptations than we have ever had, and come out unscathed. It is our duty and privilege to take hold of that power. There is no excuse for giving way to temptations, and the reason we do, is because we have not *faith* enough. I have noticed in some persons I talk with, a strong tendency to excuse themselves on the ground that they have already done about as well as they knew how; they certainly have *tried* to do as well as they could; and if they have not come up to the mark, it was not their fault. It is our fault if we fall short of perfection. The fault is, we do not have faith enough.

“God is very long-suffering in dealing with us. His patience may perhaps extend to us through mil-

lions of years; but sooner or later, if we get near to him, we shall have to shoulder the responsibility of all our short-comings and settle for them. Probably there will be a thousand to one in the account, where we *meant* to do right but lacked faith. The occasions when we did wrong wilfully will be very few indeed, compared to the occasions when we did the best we knew how. Faith is not mere action of the intellect. When we speak of faith, we mean the entrance into us of the seed of God. It is the essence of God dwelling in us; the actual substance, the Spirit of truth. All the intellectual faith we have, may be good to lead us to true faith; but true faith is an actual thing, or rather an actual operation of the soul. It is perfectly inseparable from humility and unity and every thing that makes a man good.

“Under prosperity my spiritual eyes sometimes get dulled, and then again faith comes very naturally to me; but if I can get wide awake enough, I can account for this experience. It is not something which comes by chance. God's part in the affair is like the sun—always shining. There may be some combination of circumstances which obscures faith. We want to get *more* faith so that it can not be obscured. It is like compound interest; the more you get, the more you will get.”

WALLINGFORD.

—In the evening meeting G. W. N. said: “In our reading of Corinthians the other day, we came across this passage: ‘All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.’ That formula of Paul's struck me with a good deal of significance as an expression of his determination in life, which was a very comprehensive one. In the first place he asserts his freedom from law—his liberty to do any thing he pleases; and then he sets over against that, his determination not to be brought under the power of any. There is a principality back of all things, putting them forward, and through them trying to get power over us—power over our passions and senses. Paul says, ‘All things are lawful, but I will not be brought under the power of any.’ That is a grand assertion of freedom; freedom both ways, freedom from mere legal restriction on the one hand, and on the other, freedom from bondage. I want to adopt that formula. I have been all my life, more or less, struggling and working for that attainment, where I can say, ‘I will not be brought under the power of any thing.’ I believe I am nearer to it than I once was; that in recognizing Christ as the head of all principalities, I am advancing toward the true standard. The meaning seems to be, ‘I will use all things, no matter what they are, as long as I can use them without being brought under their power; and if I can't for the present, I will let them alone.’ That seems to be Paul's position. He *would* be a free man. That is the privilege of every one of us—to be free—to be above our bodies. Paul says, ‘I bring my body into subjection,’ &c. He would not have his body get above him. He had a grand standard of freedom. I think we can rise up and follow his leadings in that respect. Let us look around now and see what is trying to get power over us. Every thing is lawful. I feel greatly encouraged in asserting that; not in my own strength, for there is no use in trying to meet these principalities in our own strength; but I feel greatly encouraged in knowing that Christ is ahead of them—that he has conquered them, and they are playthings to him. Many times things in their beginnings will take a pretty enticing and rather good and respectable form, but as they go on they get to be regular tyrants to us. Though they

may be good at first, they absorb the attention in the end, and get a power over us that is hateful."

—The old archway which connected the cellars of the children's and mansion houses, and which furnished the foundation for stories of dungeons at O. C. for the discipline of refractory members, but has always been to us a very pleasant by-way to the dining-room, is demolishing to make way for the foundations of the new wing. One wall of the arch stands outside the new structure, and will probably remain buried in the ground. A future antiquarian may some day dig down upon it, and thereupon construct an elaborate theory of prehistoric civilization, and a race who lived under ground. Altogether, the old cellar now presents an interesting illustration of the manufacture of ancient ruins.

#### A LONDON LAW-OFFICE.

VII.

SOME may think that the Cock Tavern bears no kind of relevancy to "A London Law-Office," but permit one who had some experience in the profession, to bear testimony to the fact, that these musty looking old lawyers and those dignified barristers and judges, are human after all, and have quite a notion of good living as well as of good law. These, with their innumerable pupils and clerks create quite a demand for chops and steaks, the merits of which they prove themselves as capable of investigating as if they were law cases or conveyances. To this branch of the profession I took naturally from the start, and found it "as easy as rolling off a log." Who ever heard of a lawyer who was incapable of appreciating a good dinner? As a natural consequence therefore the neighborhood of the Temple is amply supplied with such old-fashioned chop-houses as the Cock Tavern; and all are equally quaint and well patronized. There is "The Rainbow," "Doctor Johnson's," "The Cheshire Cheese," and many others. Farther in the city such houses familiarly take the shortened given-name of some long departed proprietor, as "Joe's," "Dick's," "Tom's" or "Harry's," &c. In some of these unsophisticated establishments, huge gridirons may be seen on the open fires on which you may watch your chop or steak during the process of cooking. At any one of these houses, at a certain time in the morning, the proprietor may be seen alighting from his fashionable brougham, and in a few minutes he appears in a white apron attending to the business of his establishment. Perhaps he lives in one of the finest residences at Norwood or Denmark Hill, and his wife and daughters may arrive in a handsome equipage attended by their servants in livery, to spend the busiest part of the day (which only lasts a few hours) in doing the work of the kitchen.

Having proved to my own satisfaction if not to the reader's, that the subject of chop-houses is by no means foreign to the legal profession, I will do as others are doing and be in no hurry about despatching my welcome meal. Every thing is leisurely as a chancery suit, in the Cock Tavern. No one hurries; no one shows the slightest sign of dyspepsia. The half-dozen or more sleek old cats that wander through the room or purr themselves asleep before the fire, look as if they would not take the trouble to molest a mouse that was any less lazy than themselves. You could not prevail upon any one of those old waiters to strike other than his ordinary gait, nor could you get your chop one instant sooner, even though your very existence depended upon it. This would scarcely suit my Yankee friends; but John Bull takes one hour from his office, and he can afford to devote the whole of the sixty minutes to the business of his stomach; so combining pleasure with business, he enjoys his meal accordingly.

Taking our seats within one of the enclosures, the polished mahogany of which is almost black with age, we rap on the table, and presently old Thomas approaches with a bow and a smile to take our orders. This venerable specimen has been head waiter at the Cock for over fifty years, and every summer during the long vacation (for

these haunts of lawyers necessarily follow in some degree, the fashions of the courts) Thomas has never failed to spend his holidays at Margate, the favorite watering-place with London trades-people and mechanics. Thomas always bears that plump, good-natured, well-favored appearance, which is a suggestive of the most delicious kind of "porter-house, browned all over but not burned." Something extra nice looks out from every corner of his complacent eyes as he repeats the last words of our request,

"Just slightly fat and well done, sir. Yes sir."

Having received our orders, together with many others on his way down the room, he proceeds to unburden his mind in a loud tone to the cook:

"Large steak, Chop and one to follow, Small steak, Chop and sausage, Kidneys on toast, Chop, Chop," &c., each call denoting a separate order. The "Chop and one to follow," meaning two chops for one person, and that one is to be cooked while he is eating his first.

The old-fashioned London waiter is an amusing character. He is a complete flunky, and will take any amount of insult with a temper perfectly serene and unruffled. The expected sixpence smooths the worst abuse and neutralizes every unkind oath; every word you speak is repeated and assented to, with a stereotyped,

"Chop, sir? Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?"

A friend having been annoyed by the stupidity of one of these men who had made a mistake in taking his order, called him a fool; to which he replied without the slightest emotion,

"Fool, sir? Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?" and *London Punch* makes one of them say,

"Am and heges, sir? Yes sir, anything else, sir?" to which an indignant old gent growls, "Bring me an h with the ham, sir."

An old friend of my family, who was once a merchant on Ludgate Hill, was accustomed every day to take his chop at the "Cheshire Cheese." This he did for over half a century, no one knowing or caring who he was; but William IV happening one day to have business with him, called at his store, and learning where he was taking his lunch followed him to the "Cheshire Cheese" and took a chop with him. This so aroused the flunkiness of the waiters that the merchant found it impossible afterward to eat his chop in peace and comfort; so he transferred his favors to the Cock, where the fact that he had ever eaten with a king was still unknown.

Having deliberately discussed our midday meal, H. proposed a game of billiards, and we adjourned accordingly. A few minutes walking brought us to a billiard room in the Strand where H. was evidently no stranger; for we were directed to a private room up stairs where we met several young men from our office, including the three nephews of the firm who were my senior articled-clerks. This was another phase of legal study to me, and one not so dry as searching for judgments; there were ten of us in the room, some smoking cigars, some with "cutty" pipes. I afterward found that an appointment of this kind was quite frequent among the men in the office. They called it a "bivouac." Around the room were several pewter pots or tankards of ale, and on the billiard table were twenty or thirty balls of varied colors. The game was called pyramid pool, and I was invited to take a ball. Having had some experience in billiard playing and as each one present engaged in the game, I also went in, and came out two hours later, minus five dollars. From that time I became a constant attendant at their "bivouacs," and found remarkable facility in them for disposing of my loose cash.

It was also fashionable among these sporting young lawyers to "make up books" for the races; so I too must "make a book," which being interpreted, means betting on various race horses, and recording such bets in a book. People who thoroughly understand the business, are able to "make a book" so that they are sure to make some gain, no matter what horse wins the race; but to do this, they have to give close attention to it, and commence to bet a year before the race, when many good horses are low down in the betting. It will thus be seen how little chance I had to gain any thing beyond an

expensive experience. I bet upon this horse, and "hedged" upon that, took "the odds upon one" horse, and gave "the odds" upon another. These operations engrossed my attention several weeks previous to the "Derby," and I soon saw that it was possible to make a pretty sure thing of a betting book; and so it proved in my case, for having transacted a great many of my operations after dinner, and being accustomed to dine late in the evening with an ample supply of malt liquor and port wine, I found on the day of the race that I stood to lose on every horse in the field. "The flying Dutchman" was my favorite horse. He won, and I lost five pounds. If any other horse had won I should have lost large sums of money; but probably a good Providence thought this disappointment sufficient to teach me a lesson; and so it was, for I never after attempted to "make up a book." Possibly my influence had some effect in the office, for no more books were made up there after that year; but billiards still held sway, and I have known two of our men to play so high as two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a single game.

The managing clerks were not very particular about devoting the whole of their time during each day to business, nor was the firm particular in exacting such a service; for business was dull at some seasons of the year, and we could, at such times, play billiards more than half the day, while at other times they all worked very hard and frequently spent the whole night at the office. We did a large Parliamentary business, so that every session of Parliament brought us plenty to attend to. On such occasions the copying clerks charged their extra time, while the managing clerks made no account of theirs. Their time was therefore considered their own, so that they faithfully attended to the business of which they had charge. As may be supposed, the articled-clerks made most of this freedom, and whether business pressed or not, most days afforded us a chance for billiard-playing.

My fellow articled-clerks were not exactly such companions as I should have chosen if left free to choose; but being thus thrown among them I accommodated myself to circumstances, and we got along pretty well together. The senior of them was William Darnley, a fashionable young man whose specialty was eating and drinking. When lunching at an eating-house he always ordered "steak for two and pudding for three." He was fat and licentious; nor was he careful to sustain his position in the office, but allowed himself to carouse with the copying clerks in a way to forfeit their respect for him. On one occasion a copying clerk, while wiping his hands walked up to Darnley's desk, and throwing his towel over him, gave his head and face a pretty thorough scouring; but imagine the dismay of the clerk when, surprised by the non-resistance of his victim, he withdrew the towel, and disclosed the head of the firm instead of the articled-clerk. There sat the unperturbed lawyer, his face extra red from the excitement of the assault, but otherwise looking solemn as a judge, while the clerk turned pale and tried to apologize by saying he thought 't was Mr. Darnley.

"Lucky for you, sir, that it was not," returned the old lawyer, as he vainly attempted to restore his frizzled hair with his fingers; "an insult to myself I can afford to forgive, but not so one offered to my articled clerk." The poor fellow felt relieved; but his companions probably sometimes rally him on the subject to this day. After some irregularities in his cash account, Darnley left his country for his country's good, before the expiration of his articles.

Fred. Brown, another articled-clerk, had more of a business turn than his cousin; was more of a gentleman, and quaint withal. Next to a game of billiards, nothing delighted him so much as to sit in the Zoological gardens and watch the monkeys play and pick each other. He knew every droll picture in every gallery in London. He never lost control of his temper, and never lost a chance to ridicule those who did. Being sent, on one occasion upon urgent business into the city of London, he stopped on his way back to play a game of billiards, his uncle meanwhile impatiently waiting his return. Mr. Brown severely upbraided his nephew for detaining

him so long, who, declaring that it was simply a matter of legal practice, inquired,

"Now what would you have done, uncle, with a pair of horses that insisted upon baulking at every place where they saw ale advertised; but finding you proof against all such temptation, finally broke down the omnibus at a billiard saloon, the very strongest point they could have made?"

"Do, sir?" said the infuriated Brown, "I would have minded my own business, sir, and sent all the billiard tables and omnibuses to hell, sir."

"Perfectly impracticable," replied the nephew, "hell is so full of billiard tables and omnibuses already, that you could not possibly get another into it." Mr. B. immediately relaxed; and as his nephew had thrown upon him the onus of proving the negative, he hurried off on his business, declaring that he had no time to waste in theological discussions. Fred. had also a passion for boxing; and a visit to his chambers, was sure to result in a round with the gloves. He had a good memory, and brilliant talents; so that notwithstanding the fact that a law debating society which he joined, resolved itself into a boxing club; and many of his other schemes for studying turned to billiards or pugilism; yet he passed a creditable examination, and was soon established as a leading practitioner in one of the county towns. The last time I saw him, three clients, supposing their legal adviser to be pressed with business, waited with commendable patience in the front office. If they could have peeped behind the scenes, they would have discovered their lawyer enjoying "a round or two" boxing with an old friend, in his little sanctum sanctorum.

The third article-clerk was also a nephew of Brown's. Coming to London quite young, and by accident finding lodgings in a house of bad repute, he had formed bad connections at the start; and it being found impossible to break him of notoriously vicious habits, he was sent back to the country, to avoid worse disgrace. Thus within less than two years from the date of my articles, I found myself the sole article-clerk in the establishment. After a career of pleasure-seeking, during which I made several unsuccessful attempts to settle down to my studies, a circumstance occurred which completely changed the whole course of my life. Under these circumstances, it was not surprising that contrary to the usual mode of dealing with pupils, I should be placed in a position of trust. Business was confided to my care, and a corps of clerks placed at my disposal; so that my position became almost that of a managing clerk.

#### SMITH'S STORY.

##### XVIII.

At last we got into the buffalo country again; and one morning while the others were packing up for the start, the half-breed and I took our guns and walked on ahead, in hopes of getting a shot at some game. We had not gone far before we discovered a buffalo some two miles to our right, quietly feeding near the hills which terminated the valley through which our road ran. We took a circuit, so as to get to the windward of him. When we were among the hills we lost sight of him for a while, but after a careful search we spied him lying down on the slope of a low ridge, quietly chewing his cud. His back was toward us; and keeping alongside the ridge we approached to within seventy-five yards of him, when I motioned to the half-breed to fire with his rifle. He did so, and the ball struck the animal about midway down the back. He instantly sprang to his feet and turned his head to see whence the noise came. He stood broad-side to me, and I put a full charge of buck-shot into his body, close behind the shoulder. As soon as the shot struck him he started forward, and I did not think best to fire my other barrel, concluding from his movements that he was mortally wounded. A few steps carried him round the hill beyond our sight. I quickly ran to the top of the ridge, and there he stood below, evidently quite sick. But the sight of me roused him, and he started off at a rolling gallop. I raised my gun to fire the other barrel; but in running across the cap had jolted off the tube, and before I could

put on another the buffalo was out of range. In firing the first barrel the tube had broken, so that it was useless to reload that barrel. The half-breed had not brought any powder with him, and I had given him my flask to reload with. I hurried along after the buffalo. He would go a little way and then stop; but would not allow me to approach within gun-shot of him. If I had ceased running after him, he would, no doubt, have lain down and died in a very short time. But I did not stop to consider. He was leading us directly away from the road, so that after going a short distance, the half-breed refused to follow any longer, and turned off toward the river. I followed the wounded buffalo a hundred yards or so further; then I abandoned the chase and started diagonally for the river bottom.

Passing into a ravine that led into the valley, I saw a small tree some distance ahead, and under its shade lay an ewe antelope with a nearly full-grown kid. They did not see me; so quickly concealing myself, I made a detour, that I might approach them unobserved from the windward side. It was considered more of a feat to shoot an antelope than a buffalo, and I determined to secure one. I approached unseen to within seventy-five yards. The old one still lay concealed behind a little bank of earth, but the young one had risen and was stretching himself. I fired, and it fell dead. The mother sprang up and ran to the kid, wondering what ailed it; and there I stood with an empty gun in my hands, and no powder about me. How I longed for a single charge of powder! but I could not get it, and so approached the living and the dead. The old one stood over her kid as though she would defend it with her life. She allowed me to approach so close that I clubbed my gun in case it should be necessary to fight her. But she bounded off twenty or thirty yards, where she stood and watched my movements. I took the kid by the hind legs and commenced dragging it toward the plain. I soon reached the flat where I saw the half-breed at no great distance; also the wagon nearly abreast of us, but about two miles away. The half-breed saw me and came to my assistance. The men in the wagon soon discovered us, and waited for us to come up.

We passed through Fort Kearney, about four o'clock one afternoon, and camped five miles farther east. Two other travelers joined our camp that night. They were men who had ridden horse-back all the way from California, and had each driven a pack-horse. This was at that time the best method of making the journey. Our custom was to picket two of the mules at bed time, that the others might not stray away. We also took our turns standing guard. But this night, for some unaccountable reason, none of the mules were picketed nor was there a guard set. About ten o'clock a driving storm set in, and continued all night. Several of our men who were not very well, had to occupy the inside of the wagon, while the rest of us lay on the ground. By morning we were completely wet through, and to add to our discomfort, we had very little fuel. But these troubles sank into insignificance when it was announced that not one of our mules was to be found. Several of the men started out in different directions, to look for the missing animals. About eight o'clock, one of the party returned with the information that about five miles ahead there was a log house, which some pioneer had built and abandoned. We at once borrowed two of the horses belonging to our California neighbors, and started for the log house. Before we reached it, we were made glad by seeing one of our party returning with the missing mules. They had sought the hills at the farther side of the plain, to shield themselves from the fury of the storm; and when the storm abated, they had started on their return to the camp.

On reaching the house I was numb with the wet and cold. Seizing an ax, I proceeded to demolish a log partition between two of the rooms; and soon we had a roaring fire in the fire-place. Luckily we had procured, the day previous, a large quantity of fresh buffalo meat. Upon this we regaled ourselves with vigorous appetites. During the day we saw, some two miles away on the plain, one of those count-

less herds of buffalo which inhabit the West; but we did not molest the tempting game.

The next morning we again started on our journey, and soon began to touch the borders of civilization. Our road left the Platte river, and we found ourselves among the fertile fields of Kansas; and one afternoon we entered Leavenworth City, situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, about five hundred miles above St. Louis.

My appearance on entering the City was far from stylish. I was mounted upon one of the California boy's horses; I had lost my hat; my face was tanned to the color of an Indian's; my hair had not been cut for three months, and for dress I wore pants, a woolen shirt, and a pair of moccasins. Altogether it would have been difficult, I imagine, to have distinguished me from an Indian. But we excited no particular attention. Thousands of just such fellows were passing there every week.

At this place I was to part with all my comrades except the two California boys, who were going by boat to St. Louis. One of the brothers-in-law, knowing the low state of my cash, kindly offered to loan me a sufficient amount to enable me to get home, trusting to my honesty to repay him. I accepted his offer and took twelve dollars, although he urged me to take twenty. The first thing I did was to buy me a hat. That night I went to a hotel and tried to sleep in a bed; but I had slept on the ground in the open air so long, that a close room and a feather bed were almost unendurable. For weeks after I reached home I would take a blanket at night and lie down on the porch before I could get to sleep.

Leavenworth City was the starting-point of the great trains owned by Russell and Waddell, who during the difficulties with Utah in 1858, were the contractors for the transportation of the army and its provisions across the plains. The country about Leavenworth was filled with their wagons and teams. It is even said that this firm employed six thousand teamsters, and worked forty-five thousand oxen. One of their trains was so long that it was an hour in passing us. One train was short of teamsters, and they tried to hire me to go back again to the mountains. Had it not been for the condition of my knee, I should perhaps have done so, for I was by no means sick of the plains.

The morning after reaching Leavenworth, I took steerage passage on a steam-boat bound for St. Louis, where I arrived in due time, with no incident worth mentioning, except that I was thoroughly disgusted with deck passage on a Missouri steam-boat. I soon found a steam-boat that sailed at noon for the upper Mississippi, and took cabin passage to Muscatine for quite a small sum, owing to the opposition of trade. Having secured my state-room, I went up town and purchased a pair of suspenders, and a pair of fancy looking shirts; for I was not able to buy a coat, and I wanted to look at least decent, on the boat, as ladies would be present at meals. My pantaloons were quite good; so I put on my two shirts, leaving the bosom of the outer one open; my feet I encased in a bright pair of moccasins which I had obtained of a Sioux Indian. Thus rigged, I made my appearance on the promenade deck as we cast loose from our moorings and bade St. Louis good-bye. I soon discovered that I was taken to be some lumberman from the upper Mississippi, who had disposed of a raft at St. Louis, and was now returning home. At dinner, a waiter respectfully asked me if I would not, out of deference to the ladies present, put on my coat at the table. I very respectfully informed him that a coat was an article which I did not use, and did not even own. I was troubled no further; and had a splendid ride up the Mississippi. We were four days reaching Muscatine, where I took the cars for Iowa City, which place I reached about ten o'clock one forenoon. I jumped off the train, threw my gun and pack, containing relics of the plains, over my shoulder, and walked out to Mount Prospect Farm. My folks were greatly astonished to see me, for they supposed that I had nearly reached California by that time. I soon explained how matters stood; and then the fatted chicken was killed, for the prodigal had returned. I borrowed

sufficient money of father to repay the sum loaned me at Leavenworth, and at once hired out to him to work on the farm at fifteen dollars per month and board.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, MAY 3, 1869.

### AMERICAN SOCIALISMS.

NO. XXX.

WE hope the reader will not fail to notice how powerfully the land-mania raged among the Associations reported in our last number. Let us recapitulate. The Pennsylvania Associations, including the Sylvania, are credited with real estate as follows:

|                                    | Acres. |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| The Sylvania Association had ..... | 2,394  |
| The Peace Union Settlement " ..... | 10,000 |
| The McKean Co. Association " ..... | 30,000 |
| The Social Reform Unity " .....    | 2,000  |
| The Goose Pond Community " .....   | 2,000  |
| The Leraysville Phalanx " .....    | 1,500  |
| The One-Mention Community " .....  | 800    |

Total for the seven Associations.... 48,694

It is to be observed that Northern Pennsylvania, where all these Associations were located, is a Paradise of cheap lands. Three great chains of mountains and not less than eight high ridges run through the State, and spread themselves abroad in this wild region. Any one who has passed over the Erie Railroad can judge of the situation. It is evident from the description of the soil of the above Domains, as well as from the prices paid for them, that they were, almost without exception, mountain deserts, cold, rocky, and remote from the world of business. The Sylvania Domain, in Pike Co., was elevated 1,500 feet above the Hudson River. Its soil was "yellow loam," that would barely support stunted pines and scrub-oaks; price, four dollars per acre. Smolnikar's Peace Union Settlement was on the ridges of Warren Co., a very wild region. The Rev. George Ginal's 30,000 acres were among the mountains of McKean Co., which adjoins Warren, and is still wilder. The Social Reform Unity was located in Pike Co., near the site of the Sylvania. Its Domain was thickly covered with stones and boulders; price, one dollar and a quarter per acre. The Goose Pond Community succeeded to this Domain of the Social Reform Unity, with its stones and boulders. The Leraysville Association appears to have occupied some respectable land; but *The Phalanx* speaks of it as "deep buried in the mountains of Pennsylvania." The One-Mention Community, like the Sylvania, selected its Domain while covered with snow; the soil is described as wild, cold, rocky and barren; price, five hundred dollars for seven or eight hundred acres, or about sixty-five cents per acre.

Such were the Domains on which the Fourier enthusiasm vented itself. An illusion, like the *mirages* of the desert, seems to have prevailed among the Socialists, cheating the hungry mechanics of the cities with the fancy, that, if they could combine and obtain vast tracts of land, no matter where or how poor, their fortunes were made. Whereas it is well known to the wise, that the more of worthless land a man has the poorer he is, if he pays taxes on it, or pays any attention to it; and that agriculture anyhow is a long and very uncertain road to wealth.

We can not but think that Fourier is a good deal responsible for this *mirage*. He is always talking in grand style about vast Domains—three miles square, we believe, was his standard—and his illustrations of attractive industry are generally delicious pictures of fruit-raising and romantic agriculture. He made nothing of assigning a series of twelve groups of amateur laborers to raising twelve varieties of the Bergamot pear! And his staunch disciples are always full of these charming, impracticable ruralities. John Greig, the historian of the Clarkson experiment and evidently a devoted Fourierite, consoled himself, we remember, with the idea that his Phalanx failed because it had not land enough; and

Brisbane is even now experimenting in Association on great land-tracts in the wilds of Kansas.

### The Ohio Associations.

As in New England, so in Ohio, the general Socialist excitement of 1841 and afterwards, gave rise to several experiments that had nothing to do with Fourier's peculiar philosophy. We will begin with these indigenous productions.

### THE MARLBORO ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Esther Ann Lukens, a member of this Community, answered Macdonald's inquiries about its history. We copy the greater part of her story.

Mrs. Lukens' Narrative.

"The Malborough Community seems, as I think of it, to have had its existence so entirely in *dreams* of human advancement and the generous wish to promote it, and also in ignorance of all but the better part of human nature, that it is hard to speak of it as a *bona fide* portion of our plodding work-a-day world.

"It was originated by a few generous and ardent spirits, who were disgusted with the oppressive and antagonistic conditions of ordinary labor and commerce. The only remedy they saw, was a return to the apostolic manner of living—that of 'having all things common.'

"The Association was first talked of and its principles generally discussed in Clinton county, some years before any thing was done. Many in all parts of Ohio participated in this discussion, and warmly urged the scheme; but only a few were found who were hopeful and courageous enough to dare the final experiment.

"The gathering commenced in 1841 on the farm of Mr. E. Brooke, and consisted at first of his family and a few other persons. Gradually the number increased, and another farm was added by the free gift of Dr. A. Brooke, or rather by his resigning all right and title to it as an individual, and delivering it over to the joint ownership of the *great family*.

"As may be supposed, the majority of those who gathered around this nucleus were without property, and very slenderly gifted with the talent of acquiring it, but thoroughly honest, philanthropic, warmly social, and willing to perform what appeared to them the right amount of labor belonging to *freemen* in a *right state of society*. They forgot in a few instances, that this *right state* did not exist, but was only dreamed about, and had yet to be realized by more than common labor *with the hands*.

"The Community had but little property of any value but land, and that was in an uncultivated, half-wild state. There were a few hundred dollars in hand; I can not say how many; but certainly not half the amount required for purchases that seemed immediately necessary.

"There was a good house and barn on each farm, each house capable of accommodating comfortably three families, besides three small tenant houses of logs, capable of accommodating one family each. There were also on the premises four or five horses and a few cattle and sheep.

"It became necessary, as the numbers increased, to purchase the farm intervening between the one first owned by E. Brooke, and the one given by Dr. A. Brooke, both for convenience in passing and repassing, and for the reason that more land was needed, to give employment to all. The owner asked an exorbitant price, knowing our necessities; but it was paid, or rather promised, and so a load of debt was contracted.

"The members generally were eminently moral and intellectual. As to religious belief, they were what people called, and perhaps justly, *Free-thinkers*. In our conferences for purposes of improvement and domestic counsel, which were held on Sundays, religion, as a distinct obligation, was never mentioned.

"Provisions were easily procured. One of the farms had a large orchard, and our living was confined to the plainest vegetable diet; so that much time was left for social and mental improvement.

"All will join with me in saying that love and good-fellowship reigned paramount; so that all enjoyed

good care during sickness, and kindly sympathy at all times.

"About a year and a half after its foundation, the Community sustained a great loss by the death of one of its most efficient and ardent supporters, Joseph Lukens. It was after this period that a Constitution or form of Association was framed, and many persons were admitted who had different views of property and the basis of rights, from what were generally held at the beginning.

"The receipts and expenditures were managed by a Committee of Finance, and each department of labor was also in charge of Committees appointed by the Community.

"The existence of the Community from first to last was nearly four years.

"If I should say there was perfect unanimity of feeling to the last, it would not be true. Yet there were no quarrels, and all discussions among us were temperate and kind.

"As to our breaking up, there was no cause for it clear to my mind, but the complicated state of the business concerns, the amount of debt contracted, and the feeling that each one would work with more energy, for a time at least, if thrown upon his own resources, with plenty of elbow-room and nothing to distract his attention."

Mr. Thomas Moore, also a member of this Community, gives his opinion of the cause of its decease in a separate paper, as follows:

Mr. Moore's Diagnosis.

"The failure of this experiment may be traced to the fact that the minds of its originators were not homogeneous. They all agreed that in a properly organized Community, there should be no buying and selling between the members, but that each should share the common products according to his necessity. But while Dr. A. Brooke held that this principle should govern our conduct in our interchange with the whole world, the others believed it right for any number of individuals to separate themselves from the surrounding world, and form themselves into a distinct Community, and while they had every thing free among themselves, continue to traffic in the common way with those outside. And again, while many believed they were prepared to enter into a Community of this kind, Mr. Edward Brooke had his doubts, fearing that the time had not yet arrived when any considerable number of individuals could live together on these principles; that though some might be prompted to enter into such relations through principles of humanity and pure benevolence, others would come in from motives altogether selfish; and that discord would be the result. Dr. A. Brooke, not being willing to be confined in any Community that did not embrace the whole world, stepped out at the start, but left the Community in possession of his property during his life; believing that to be as long as he had any right to dispose of it. But Edward Brooke yielded to the views of others, and went on with the Community.

"For some time the members who came in from abroad added nothing of consequence to the common stock. Some manifested by their conduct that their objects were selfish, and being disappointed, left again. Others, who perhaps entered from purer motives, also became dissatisfied for various reasons and left; and so the Community fluctuated for some time. At length three families were admitted as members, who had property invested in farms, and who were to sell the farms and invest the proceeds as common stock. Two of these, after having tried Community life a year, concluded to leave before they had sold their farms; and the third not being able to sell, there was a lack of capital to profitably employ the members; and the consequence was there was not quite enough produced to support the Community. Discovering this to be the case, several of the persons who originally owned the property became dissatisfied; and although according to the principles of the Community they had no greater interest in that property than any other members, yet it was no less a fact that they had donated it nearly all (excepting Dr. A. Brooke's lease), and that now they would like to have it back. This

placed the true Socialists in delicate circumstances. Being without pecuniary means of their own, they could not exercise the power that had voluntarily been placed in their hands, to control these dissatisfied ones, so as to cause them, against their will, to leave their property in the hands of the Community. The property was freely yielded up, though with the utmost regret. My opinion therefore is that the experiment failed at the time he did it, *through lack of faith in those who had the funds, and lack of funds in those who had the faith.*"

Dr. A. Brooke, who devoted his land to the Marlboro Community, but stepped out himself, because he would not be confined to anything less than Communism, with the world, afterwards tried a little experiment of his own, which failed and left no history. Macdonald visited him in 1844, and reports some curious things about him, which may give the reader an idea of what was probably the most radical form of Communism that was developed in the great Socialistic revival of 1841-3.

"Dr. Brooke," says Macdonald, "was a tall, thin man, with grey hair, and beard quite unshaven. His face reminded me of the ancient Philosophers. His only clothing was a shirt and pantaloons—nothing else on either body, head, or feet. He invited us into his comfortable parlor, which was neatly furnished, and had a good supply of books and papers."

\*\*\* "Our breakfast consisted of cold baked apples, cold corn bread, and I think potatoes. \*\*\*

"We questioned him much concerning his strange notions, and in the course of conversation I remarked, that such men as Robert Owen, Chas. Fourier, Josiah Warren and others, had each a certain number of fundamental principles, upon which to base their theories, and I wished to understand definitely what fundamental principles he had, and how many of them. He replied that he had only one principle, and that was to do what he considered right. He said he attended the sick whenever he was called upon, for which he made no charge. When he wanted anything which he knew one of his neighbors could supply, he sent to that neighbor for it. He showed me a brick out-building at the back of his cottage, which he said had been put up for him by masons in the vicinity. He made it known that he wanted such work done, and no less than five men came to do it for him. He said that if he had wanted the work done in the ordinary worldly way, he could scarcely have got it done. He declared he had no right to any thing more than his necessities required; and he applied this principle to every thing around him."

Macdonald adds the following story:

"I remember when in Cincinnati, one Sunday afternoon at a Fourier meeting I heard Mr. Benjamin Urner read a letter from Dr. A. Brooke to some hardware merchants in Cincinnati (the Brothers Donaldson in Main street, I believe), telling them that his necessities required a variety of agricultural tools, such as a plow, harrow, axes, etc., and requesting that they might be sent on to him. He stated that he had given up the use of money, that he gave his professional services free of cost to those whose necessities demanded them, and for any thing his necessities required he applied to those whom he thought able to give. Mr. Urner stated that this strange individual had been the Post Master of the place where he now lived, but that he had given up the office so that he might not have to use money. He also informed us that the hardware merchants very kindly sent on the articles to Dr. Brooke free of cost; which announcement gave great satisfaction to the meeting."

#### PRAIRIE HOME COMMUNITY.

"This Association, with several other like attempts," Macdonald says, "originated with Mr. John O. Wattles, Valentine Nicholson and others, who, after attending a socialist Convention in New York city in 1843, lectured on Association at various places on their way back to the West. Orson S. Murray, the editor of *The Regenerator*, was also interested in this Community, and was on his way

with his printing establishment to join it and publish his paper under its auspices, when he was wrecked on Lake Erie, and lost nearly every thing but his life.

"Prairie Home is a beautiful location near West Liberty in Logan Co., Ohio. The Domain consisted of over five hundred acres; half of which on the hills was well timbered, and the remainder was in fine rich fields stretching across the prairie.

"The members numbered about one hundred and thirty, nearly all of whom were born and bred in the West. Of foreigners there were only two Englishmen and one German. Most of the members were agriculturists. Many of them had been Hicksite Quakers. A few were from other sects, and some from no sect at all. There were but few children."

A few months before the dissolution of this Community Macdonald visited it, and staid several days. His gossiping report of what he saw and heard gives as good an "inside view" of the transitory species of Associations as any we find in his collections. We quote the most of it:

#### Macdonald's Visit at Prairie Home.

"On arriving at West Liberty I inquired eagerly for the Community; but when very coldly and doubtfully told that it was somewhere down the Urbana road, and seeing that folks in the town did not seem to know or care much where it was, my ardor sensibly abated, and I began to doubt whether it was much of an affair after all; but I pushed on, anxious at once to see the place.

"On reaching the spot where I was told I should find the Community, I turned off from the main road up a lane, and soon met a gaunt-looking individual, rough but very polite, having the look of a Quaker, which I afterwards found he was. He spoke kindly to me, and directed me where to go. There was a two-story frame house at the entrance of the lane, which belonged to the Community; also a log cabin at the other corner of the lane. After walking a short distance I arrived at another two-story frame house, opposite to which was a large flour mill on a little stream, and an old saw-mill, looking very rough. At the door of the dwelling house there was a group of women and girls, picking wool; and as it was just noon, many men came in from various parts of the farm to take their dinner. At the back of the house there was a long shed, with a rough table down the center, and planks for seats on each side, on which thirty or forty people sat. I was kindly received by them, and invited to dinner; and a good dinner it was, consisting of coarse brown bread piled up in broken lumps, dishes of large potatoes unpeeled, some potato soup, and a supply of melons for a second course.

"I sat beside a Dr. Hard, who noticed that I took a little salt with my potatoes, and remarked to me that if I abstained from it, I would have my taste much more perfect. There was but little salt on the table, and I saw no person touch it. There was no animal food of any kind except milk, which one or two of them used. They all appeared to eat heartily. The women waited upon the table, but, the variety of dishes being small, each person so attended to himself that waiting was rendered almost unnecessary. All displayed a rude politeness.

"After dinner I fell in with a cabinet-maker, a young man from Bond-st., London, and had quite a chat with him; also an elderly man from England, John Wood by name, who was acquainted with the Socialist movement in that country. I then went to see the man work the saw-mill, and was much pleased with his apparent interest and industry.

"Not finding the acquaintance I was in search of at this place, and hearing that he was at another Community or branch of Prairie Home, about nine miles distant in a northerly direction (which they called the Upper Domain or Highland Home or Zanesfield), I determined to see him that night, and after obtaining necessary information I started on my journey.

"The walk was long, and it was dark before I reached the Community farm. At length the friendly bow-

wow of a dog told of the habitable dwelling, and soon I was in the comfortable and pretty looking farm house at Highland Home. This Community consisted of only ten or twelve persons. Here I found my friend, and after a wholesome Grahamite supper of corn bread, apple-pie and milk, I had a long conversation with him and others on Community matters. I put many questions to them, all of which were answered satisfactorily. These were some of them:

"Do you make laws? No. Does the majority govern the minority? No. Have you any delegated power? No. Any kind of government? No. Do you express opinions and principles as a body? No. Have you any form of Society or test for admission of members? No. Do you assist runaway slaves? Yes. Must you be Grahamites? No. Do you object to religionists? No. What are the terms of admission? The land is free to all; let those who want, come and use it. Any particular trades? No. Can persons take their earnings away with them when they leave? Yes.

"Their leading principle, they repeatedly told me, was to endeavor to practice the golden rule—'Do as you would be done by.'

"The next morning I took a walk round the farm. It was a nice place, and appeared to have been well kept formerly, but now there was some disorder. The workmen appeared to be without clear ideas of the duties they were to perform. It seemed as if they had not made up their minds what they could do, or what they intended to do. Some of them were feeble looking men, and on conversation with them, I ascertained that several, both here and at 'Prairie Home,' had adopted the present mode of Grahamite living to improve their health.

"Phrenology seemed to be pretty generally understood, and I was surprised to hear rude-looking men, almost ragged, ploughing, fence-making, and in like employments, converse so freely upon Phrenology, Physiology, Magnetism, Hydropathy, &c. The *Phrenological Journal* was taken by several of them.

"I visited a neighboring farm, said to belong to the Community, the residence, I believe, of Horton Brown, with whom I had an interesting conversation on religion and Community matters. He said they took the golden rule as their guide—'Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you.' I reminded him that even the golden rule was subject to individual interpretation, and might be misinterpreted.

"Saturday, August 25, 1844. I noticed several persons here were sick with various complaints, and those who were not sick labored very leisurely. During the day four men arrived from Indiana to see the place and 'join the Community,' but there were no accommodations for them. They reported quite a stir in Indiana in regard to Community.

"In the afternoon my friend was ready to return to Cincinnati, whither he was going to try and induce his family to come to Zanesfield. We marched to 'Prairie Home' that evening. At night we were directed to sleep at the two-story frame house at the entrance of the lane. At that place there seemed to be much confusion; too many people and too many idlers among them. The young women were most industrious, attending to the supper table and the provisions in a very steady business-like manner; but the young men were mostly lounging about doing nothing. At bedtime there were too many persons for each to be accommodated with a bed; so the females all went up stairs and slept as they could; and the males slept below, all spread out in rows upon the floor. This was unpleasant, and as the sequel proved, could not long be endured.

"*'Prairie Home,' Sunday, August 26.*—In the morning, there was a social meeting of all the members. The weather was too wet and cold for them to meet on the hills, as was intended; so they adjourned to the flour-mill, and seated themselves as best they could, on chairs and planks—men and women all together. Such a meeting as this was quite a novel sight for me. There was no chairman, no secretary or treasurer, and no constitution or by-laws to preserve order. Yet I never saw a more orderly meeting. The discussions seemed chiefly relating to

agricultural matters. One man rose and stated that there was certain plowing to be done on the following day, and if it was thought best by the brothers and sisters, he would do it. Another rose and said he would volunteer to do the plowing if the first one pleased, and he might do something else. There appeared to be some competition in respect to what each should do, and yet a strong non-resistant principle was manifest, which seemed to smooth over any difficulty. There was some talk about money and the lease of the property, and several persons spoke, both male and female, apparently just as the spirit moved them. At the close of the meeting some singing was attempted, but it was very poor indeed. The folks scattered to the houses for dinner, and as usual took a pretty good supply of the potatoes, potatoe-soup, brown bread, apples and apple butter, together with large quantities of melons of various kinds.

"Owing to the cold weather the people were all huddled together inside the houses. The rooms were too small, and many of the young men were compelled to sleep in the mill. Altogether there were too many persons brought together for the scanty accommodations of the place.

"Monday, August 27.—The wind blew hard, and threw down a large stack of hay. It was interesting to see the rapidity with which a group of volunteers put it in order again. The party seemed to act with perfect union.

"Several persons arrived to join the Community, among the rest a farmer and his family in a large wagon, with a lot of household stuff.

"I watched several men at work in different places, and to one party I could not help expressing myself thus: 'If you fail, I will give it up; for never did I see men work so well or so brotherly with each other.' But all were not thus industrious; for I saw some who merely crawled about, said to be sick, just looking on, like myself, at any thing which fell in their way. There was evident disorder, showing a transition state toward either harmony or anarchy; and I am sorry to say it too soon proved to be the latter.

"After dinner some one suggested having a meeting to talk about a plow. With some little exertion they managed to get ten or twelve men together. Then they sat down and reasoned with each other at great length. But it was very uneconomical, I thought, to bring so many persons together from their work, to talk so much about so small a matter. A plow had to be repaired; some one must and did volunteer to go to the town with it; he wanted money to pay for it; there was no money; he must take a bag of corn or wheat, and trade that off to pay for the repairs; a wagon had to be got out; two horses put to it, and a journey of some miles made, and nearly a day of time expended about such a trifling job.

"I went to see the saw-mill at work; found one or two men engaged at it. They were working for customers, and got a certain portion of the lumber for what they sawed. I then went into an old log cabin and found my acquaintance, the cabinet-maker, at work. On inquiring how he liked Community, he informed me that he came from London to find friends in Indiana, and brought with him a fine chest of tools. On his arrival in Indiana he found his friends about to start for Community, so he came with them. He brought his tools with him, but left them at Zanesfield, and came down here. The folks at Zanesfield, wanting a plane, a saw and chisels, and knowing that his box was there, having no key, actually broke open the box, and under the influence of the common-property idea, helped themselves to the tools, and spoiled them by using them on rough work. He had got his chest away from there; had no objection to their using the tools if they knew how, and did not spoil them. I saw one or two large chisels with pieces chiseled out of them, and planes with pieces planed out of them by nails, all innocently and ignorantly done by the brothers, who scarcely saw any wrong in it.

"It was interesting to see the groups of unshaven men. There were men between forty and fifty years

of age, who had shaved all their lives before, but now they let their beards grow, and looked ferocious. The young men looked well, and some of them rather handsome, with their soft beards and hair uncut; but the elderly ones did certainly look bad. There was a German of a thin, gaunt figure, about fifty years of age, with a large, stubby, grey beard, and an ill-tempered countenance.

"John Wood, the Englishman, a pretty good specimen, blunt, open-hearted and independent, had got three pigs in a pen, which he fed and took care of. They were the only animals on the place, except the horses. But exercising his rights, he said, 'If the rest of them did not want meat, he *did*—for he liked a bit o' meat.'

"I was informed that all the animals on the place, when the Community took possession of the Domain, were allowed to go where they pleased, or those who wanted them were free to take them.

"Before the meeting on Sunday, groups of men stood round the house talking; some two or three of them, including John Wood and the Dutchman (as he was called) were cleaning themselves up a bit; and John had actually blackened and polished his boots; after which he carefully put the blacking and brushes away. Out came the Dutchman and looked round for the same utensils. Not seeing them, he asked the Englishman for the 'prushes.' So John brings them out and hands them to him. Whereupon the Dutchman marches to the front of the porch, and in wrathful style, with the brushes uplifted in his hand, he addresses the assembled crowd: 'He-ar! lookee lé-ar! Do you call dis Community? Is dis common property? See he-ar! I ask him for de prushes to placken mine poots, and he give me de prushes, and *not give me de placking!*'

This was said with great excitement—'He never saw such Community as dat; he could not understand; he tought every ting was to be common to all!' But John Wood good humoredly explained that he had bought a box of blacking for himself, and if he gave it to every one who wanted to black boots, he would very soon be without any; so he shut it up for his own use, and those who wanted blacking must buy it for themselves.

"I noticed there was some carelessness with the farm tools. There was a small shed in which all the scythes, hoes, axes, &c., were supposed to be deposited when not in use. But they were not always returned there. It appeared that those tools were used indiscriminately by any one and every one, so that one day a man would have one ax or scythe, and the next day another. This was evidently not agreeable in practice; for every working man well knows that he forms attachments for certain tools, as much as he does for friends, and his hand and heart get used to them, as it were, so that he can use them better than he can any strange ones.

"With these few notices of failings, I must say I never saw a better hearted or more industrious set of fellows. They appeared to struggle hard to effect something; yet it seemed evident that something was lacking among them to make things work well. It might have been organized laws, or government of some kind; it might have been a definite bond of union, or a prominent leader. It is certain there was some power or influence needed, to direct the force mustered there, and make it work economically and harmoniously.

"People kept coming and going, and were ready to do something; but there was nobody to tell them what to do, and they did not know what to do themselves. They had to eat, drink and sleep; and they expected to obtain the means of doing so; but they seemed not to reflect who was going to supply these means, or where they were to come from.

"Some seemed greedy and reckless, eating all the time, cutting melons out of the garden and from amongst the corn, eating them and throwing the peels and seeds about the foot-paths and door-ways.

"There was an abundance of fine corn on the Domain, abundance of melons of all kinds, and, I believe, plenty of apples at the Upper Community. Much provision had been brought and sent there by farmers who had entered into the spirit of the cause. For instance, there were some wagon-loads of pota-

oes and apples sent, as well as quantities of unbolted wheat meal, of which the bread was made.

"On my asking about the idlers, the reply was, 'Oh! they will not stop here long. It is uncongenial to lazy people to be among industrious ones; and for their living, it don't cost much more than fifty cents per week, and they can surely earn that.'

"At the Sunday meeting before mentioned, the enthusiasm of some was great. One man said he left his home in Indiana; he had a house there, which he thought at first to reserve in case of accident; but he finally concluded that if he had any thing to fall back upon, he could not give his heart and soul to the cause as he wanted to; so he gave up every thing he possessed, and put it into Community. Others did the same, while some had reserved property to fall back upon. Some said they had lands which they would put into the Community if they could get rid of them; but the times were so hard that there was much scarcity of money, and the lands would not sell.

"From all I saw I judged that the Community was too loosely put together, and that they had not entire confidence in each other; and I left them with forebodings.

"The experiment lasted scarcely a year. On the 25th of October, about two months after my visit, they had a meeting to talk over their affairs. More than three thousand dollars had been paid on the property; but the land owner was pressed with a mortgage, and so pressed them. One man sold his farm and got part of the required sum ready to pay. Others who owned farms could not sell them, and the consequence was, that according to agreement they were obliged to give up the papers; so they surrendered the Domain and all upon it, into the hands of the original proprietor.

"The members then scattered in various directions. Several were considerable losers by the attempt, while many had nothing to lose. At the present time I learn that there are men and women of that Community who are still ready with hands and means to try the good work again. The cause of failure assigned by the Communists was their not owning the land they settled upon; but I think it very doubtful whether they could have kept together if the land had been free; for as I have before said, there was something else wanted to make harmony in labor."

#### THE MUMLER TRIAL.

[The most interesting news which the N. Y. city papers bring us this week are reports of the trial of Mumler, the photographer who claims to take spirit photographs by supernatural agencies. Vigorous efforts are making to condemn the man as a humbug; but the mystery of his work defies the scrutiny of all inspectors, and nothing satisfactory has been proved against him. The subject draws from *The World* some witty editorials, and the cross-examination of witnesses contains much that is amusing. We make the following extracts from the report of Thursday's *World*.]

#### TESTIMONY OF ABRAHAM BOGARDUS.

Q. Are you a believer in the Bible? A. Yes, I am thoroughly.

Q. Allow me to read from 1 Samuel, xxviii, 3 v., to the 17 v. (Counsel read all this referring to the interview of Saul with the spirit of Samuel, brought up by the witch of Endor.) Now, sir, said he to witness, that spirit, or whatever it was, if it was true, had language and appearance, had it not?

Mr. Gerry.—I object to the question. I do not oppose my learned friend reading from the Bible in court, because there is good to be learned from it by a lawyer conducting a case, or in the privacy of one's closet; but when it goes to the purpose of confounding a witness, and for the purpose of putting theological questions, a witness not skilled might render an answer which would not be proper. I defy him to produce a precedent for such a course.

Judge Dowling.—The Bible has been read as an authority before the jury, but I have never known it to be brought up before a witness on the stand, and I do not intend to permit it.

Mr. Townsend.—I have not asked a question yet. Judge Dowling.—You ask him his belief.

Mr. Townsend.—I have not asked any question touching his theological knowledge; I ask him only as a photographer.

Judge Dowling.—He need not answer.

Mr. Townsend.—I put the question, and take the exception.

Judge Dowling.—You can have the benefit of the exception; the question is overruled.

Mr. Townsend.—I have not asked a question yet.

Mr. Gerry.—Then there is no exception.

Judge Dowling.—What is the question?

Mr. Townsend.—The question is, if in the reading of that, if the spirit appeared with form and language, would there be any thing remarkable if photography had been introduced and had taken the image?

Mr. Gerry.—What an absurd theory—every well read man—

Judge Dowling.—I have overruled it.

Mr. Townsend.—Now, I propose to offer particular texts at once, to save time, so that it may appear upon the record, so that—

Judge Dowling.—You can offer the whole Bible and I will accept it.

Mr. Townsend.—I offer these: The xvi. chapter of Genesis, 6—9, as showing appearances in the form of spirits; also xix. Genesis, 1st verse, xxi. Genesis, 17—19; xxii. Genesis, 10—19; xxii. Numbers, 21—35; v. Joshua, 13—15; vi. Judges, 11—23; xiii. Judges, 2—22; xxviii. 1 Samuel, 3—17; xix. 1st Kings, 5—8; i. Ezekiel, 4—6 xvii. St. Matt. 1—4; xxvii. St. Matt. 52—54; xxviii. St. Matt. 1—8; i. Acts of Apostles, 9—11; v. Acts, 18—21; x. Acts, 1—5, and 15; 1 Corinthians, 44th verse. That is all I desire to ask.

#### TESTIMONY OF P. T. BARNUM.

Mr. Gerry.—Q. Now state, if you please, the substance of your correspondence with Mumler. A. I wrote to Mumler that I was publishing a book exposing humbugs of the world (great laughter), and that I wished to expose the humbugs of the spiritual photographs; that he had originated the thing, and I wished to purchase from him any thing he had got left, inasmuch as he had left that part of the business, and I wished to purchase some of the pictures to exhibit them, and also to give a description of them in my book upon humbugs (laughter); he sent them to me, and I paid two dollars or three dollars apiece for them; one represented "Colorado Jewett," and Napoleon Bonaparte; they were burned; they were exposed for a long time upon the Museum walls, and they were labelled to express the pretended appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte and the real "Colorado Jewett;" and also of Henry Clay and "Colorado Jewett;" the photographs were taken from pictures of Napoleon and Clay: they present precisely the appearance and positions which these photographs showed.

Q. What was the title of the book? A. "The Humbugs of the World."

Q. Were the matters contained in the chapters on "Spiritual Photography," accurately stated? A. They were, so far as my knowledge was concerned, and relating to this same Mumler.

Q. Did you call at Bogardus' gallery yesterday? A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe in "spooks?" (Great laughter.) A. Yes, I do. (Renewed laughter.) I saw many when I was a boy. It is only necessary to believe in them to see them. (Laughter.)

Q. Will you be kind enough to state what took place at the gallery? A. I went in to ask him if he could take a spirit photograph, as I would like to have my likeness taken with the spirit in the background; but I told him that I did not want to have any humbugging in the matter. (Great laughter.) He said he could do it. I told him that I wished to examine the thing. He gave me liberty to do so, and so I investigated about the plate glass, went into the dark-rooms and saw the process of pouring over the first liquid; after it was placed in the nitrate of silver bath, then it was put in the camera; there was a little break upon the glass, so that I could distinguish it all the time; went through the operation; had my shadow taken, and that of the departed Abraham Lincoln came also upon the glass.

Q. Is that it (showing the picture)? A. Yes, that's the critter. (Renewed merriment.)

Q. Now, when did you see the ghost-like photograph? A. As soon as I came into the dark room.

Q. Did you detect the mode in which it had been done? A. No.

Q. Were you conscious of a spiritual presence? A. I did not feel any thing of that sort. (Great laughter.)

Cross-examined by Mr. Townsend.—How long have you been in the humbug business? A. I was never in it; I never took money from a man without giving him the worth of it four times over. (Laughter.) These pictures that I exhibited, I did so as a humbug, and not as a reality; not like this man who takes ten dollars from people.

Q. Did you state it to be a humbug? A. It was so labelled.

Q. All these humbugs that you have taken money for, did you tell the people at the time that they were humbugs? A. I never showed any thing that did not give the people their money's worth four times over.

Q. Take the woolly horse? (Great laughter.) A. That was a remarkable curiosity and a reality, without the slightest preparation or disguise or humbug or deception about it in the world; it was exhibited

as a curiosity at fifty cents a head, in Pittsburg and Cincinnati, and there I bought it.

Q. Was it what you represented it to be? A. It was a peculiar kind of creature (laughter), but I say that it was what I represented it to be.

Q. Was it actually a woolly horse? A. It was actually a woolly horse. (Bursts of laughter, which were at once checked by the court.)

Q. Was it not a horse wooled over? A. Not the slightest, and I am very happy to enlighten the public upon that point. (Merriment.) The horse was born just as he was, and there was no deception about him in the world; there was nothing artificial about it, and I was happy to get it to draw the people; but there was no deception about it, I take my oath. (Loud laughter.)

Q. Was it intended by you to humbug the community. A. No, sir, by no means.

Q. Do you you mean to say that the horse was in its natural state? A. Exactly; just as it was born.

Q. Was it naturally a woolly horse? A. It was. (Laughter.)

Q. In the condition you represented it? A. Yes, sir.

Q. The mermaid, sir? (Great laughter.) A. The mermaid, at the time it was exhibited, was represented to be as I represented it, and I have not seen any thing to the contrary.

Q. Did you find it subsequently to be otherwise? A. I never did.

Q. Did you represent it as you bought it? A. I represented it as I bought it, and I found it as I bought it. I have grown older since, and there was something which made me doubt it; but at the time—

Q. You never presented it to the public in any other way than it was? A. I had no reason, from an examination of the animal, to doubt what it was represented to me at the time; I never owned it, I hired it.

Q. Do you wish to state that the mermaid was precisely the same as you intended the public to believe it? A. Yes.

Mr. Gerry.—I submit that that question—

Judge Dowling.—You can ask him what he presented it for.

Mr. Townsend.—I will ask you generally one question. Have you as a public entertainer presented to the mass anything which you knew to be untrue, and took money for it? have you falsified the facts and taken money for it? A. Well, I think I have given it a little drapery some times founded on fact: (Great laughter—which was not checked for some moments.)

Q. Now this question of Mumler—oh! the nurse of George Washington. (Peals of laughter.) A. I shall be delighted. (Renewed laughter.)

Q. Was that the nurse of George Washington? (Great laughter.) A. I have seen no reason to doubt it; I bought it as such. (Renewed merriment.) I never investigated it very closely. (Shouts of laughter, which the court for some minutes vainly endeavored to check.) As far as I know she was so.

Q. Do you believe that she was? A. It is a matter of belief. (Great laughter.)

Q. Do you believe that she was? A. I bought it upon a bill of sale which represented her as belonging to George Washington's father. The bill of sale never has been disputed, and I never knew who wrote the bill of sale.

Q. Did you believe that the person was Washington's nurse? A. I never had a profound belief in regard to things. (Laughter.)

Counsel (appealing to his honor)—Now, I ask the court—

Judge Dowling.—He has given the reasons.

Witness—I do not know that she was not.

Q. Did you believe all the time? A. I did; my teeth were not cut then as they are now, but I paid a thousand dollars. It is likely before I got through that I might have had some doubts upon the subject. (Great laughter.)

Q. When the doubt came into your mind, did you suggest it to the public? A. I did not think that I should put myself out of the way.

#### HOUSE-CLEANING.

Wallingford, April 25, 1869.

DEAR SEYMOUR:—I will not make any excuses for not answering your very interesting letters before, but will only ask you to pardon the past and I will endeavor to do better in future.

Spring has come here, if possible with more than her usual charms; the smoky atmosphere about the Hanging Hills, and the soft breezes playing with our lawn pines, reminding us rather of October, than of April. We can only exclaim in the fullness of our enjoyment,

"O, Connecticut, thou art thyself again!"

The farmers have plowed up the ground where the last year's squashes and pole-beans grew, and have trimmed down the blackberry bushes.

"Mr. Bristol," said I, "Marks and I were going to tear out those brier bushes this spring."

"Ah, you never mind," said he, putting on one of his happiest smiles, "I am going to have a good crop of blackberries there this summer."

The fact is, we have nursed those over-grown brier bushes for the last five or six years, hoping each year to gather some fruit for our labor; the more attention we gave them, the bigger and thornier they grew; but, as for fruit, they have never borne but little more than enough to satisfy the cat-birds. I was ready to reckon Lawton blackberries a failure, and Marks said he would have no more of them; but "new masters make new laws." Marks has gone to Oneida to learn to be a carpenter, and Bristol looks at that acre of brier bushes in a new light. He says the ground is so rich that they all run to bushes; they must be pruned down. Accordingly, he has pruned them so short that I hardly recognize the old snarly place. What more he will do to them is uncertain; but we shall see what time will bring forth.

If I might venture to speak of things personal, I shall presume that you will be interested to learn that I have graduated in the kitchen department, and have taken your old position in the washing. I am following in your tracks (though some way behind yet), for I turn the rickety washing-machine just one hundred times round, more or less, at each batch of shirts, and spend hours at the long box turning that little old, squeaking wringing-machine. I sing and turn and turn and sing, and the machine and I squeak and whistle by turns very much as you did of yore. I am as happy, too, as a lark; yet my good friend, I sometimes doubt if I am as happy as you were.

But this is not all that I do. House-cleaning is also a part of my business; and I discover that "house-cleaning" is, according to our understanding of it, a very comprehensive term. Besides the more ordinary branches, as fetching water, washing windows, carrying out and bringing in beds, it includes plastering, whitewashing, carpentering, bronzing superannuated mirrors, blacksmithing, mending old tin-ware, taking care of stoves, &c., &c.

The washing of windows as it is generally done is no small item in the work of house-cleaning; this I have reduced to a method, which I will endeavor to describe. First, however, I would say that, in my humble opinion, windows never ought to be put into water in order to wash them, as it injures the paint on the sash and rots the joints. When windows are hung with weights so that I can slide each sash up and down at pleasure, my mode of operation is as follows: First I supply myself with two white cotton cloths, one moderately wet and the other dry. Then shoving up the lower sash of a window and seating myself astride the sill, I pull the sash down across my lap and find that I am situated with my feet inside the house and my body out of doors, and, of course, facing the outer side of the window. Then taking my wet cloth I rub it over about one-half of the lower sash, after which I wipe the same until it is thoroughly dry. I then shove the lower sash up out of my way and pull down the other, which being the outside sash, I can wash the whole outer surface of it. Then putting myself inside of the house and standing upon the window-sill I shove the upper sash down to the bottom, and by pulling the other half way up I can reach over the top and finish the unwashed part of the lower sash. The outside of the window is now finished. To wash the inside I have only to stand on the floor, pull down the sash at my convenience, and perform a similar operation to that described above.

Now the part of this process which requires particular attention, is the use of the dry cloth. The glass must be wiped until it is perfectly dry, without compromise. When that is done the dirt and lint will fly away with the atmosphere, leaving the glass perfectly clean. Such windows will not obstruct the vision, but make the sky bluer and the grass greener. Old-fashioned windows can be washed in like manner, only it will be necessary to take them out.

I like your "man-factory" scheme; and I hope while you are turning out stone-masons and brick-

layers, you will not forget to manufacture one or two *seamers* (excuse me I mean seamsters); they are a domestic sort of artisans which make themselves very useful in household affairs, and I very much desire to *see more* of them.

Yours with more than cordiality, JOHN.

### OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

Wallingford Community, April 29, 1869.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I hear of tin, silver, golden and other metallic weddings, with presents to match: but what shall we call this nineteenth year of Wallingford and Oneida's union which has been signalized by the present of a \$13,000 Factory and a \$3,000 Printing Press to this feminine partner of the household? Surely we must have some good friends somewhere. We will call it a water-power wedding; and as the presents come through the hands of the respected O. C. (Other Companion), we will take it as a pledge that family love between the two Communities is not yet in a decline. However you may feel about it, we can say candidly, with our hand on our heart, that we should not object to several returns of the happy anniversary.

About this new Press which we have just set up, it is a "Campbell Trip Cylinder" with all the latest improvements. Mr. Campbell, the inventor and builder, with his son, accompanied the Press and spent a day here in adjusting and explaining it. Though it operates on the same general principle as your "Campbell Press," it includes several improvements which adapt it to nice book and wood-cut printing. Mr. Campbell assures us that it is capable of doing as good work as can be done in this country. It is now printing its first job, which happens to be a lot of 100,000 Parlor Match labels. Light for the house, to be followed we hope, by light for the mind.

We have also had a machinist here from New York, repairing our hot-air engine, so that now it is much increased in efficiency. With our new "Campbell Cylinder," our two "Degeners," and our "Wells" hand-press, the Mount Tom printing fraternity feel themselves equipped with a modest outfit for serving the public, and commence the season with thanks to God, to you, to their patrons, and all others concerned, for the encouragement rendered them.

Vacation being ended, our students resumed yesterday their work at New Haven. During the recess, HINDS devoted his attention to the flower-beds and lawns, much to the satisfaction of the lady gardeners of the family. SKINNER has been working at some original investigation in hydraulics. MILLER and BURNHAM are going over their preparatory studies for the July examination.

Our late public reading has been DILKE's "Greater Britain" (the author, a son of Sir Wentworth Dilke, I met in London two years ago); Nevius's (not Nevins's) "China and the Chinese," "The Annual of Scientific Discovery," and Dr. Hayes's "Open Polar Sea."

You remember the reason which has been given why a hen should be immortal, viz: because her son never sets. But you may not have seen the equally cogent reason which some learned pundit has lately discovered on the other side. "Why," he asks, "do not chickens have a future existence?" Be prepared for his answer. "Because they have their necks twirled in this!"

G.

ONE of the typos, whose mind runs on rhymes and riddles and the kinks of words, propounds the following conundrums to the children:

Why is a fish the handiest thing in the world to weigh? Because it carries its scales with it.

Why is a wagon-wheel like a weary person? Because it is tired.

Why is a decayed tooth like a trap order? Because it must be filled.

Why is a new bonnet like an old one? Because it is worn out.

Why is a type-case like an old lady? Because it has caps.

### LETTER FROM WISCONSIN.

DEAR MR. N.:—I read with great interest your article, "Before Communism," in the CIRCULAR, March 29th. Let me state exactly why. I am a Methodist, and profess sanctification. I understand you fully, therefore, when you say that "By faith we get actual personal acquaintance with Christ, so that Christ takes possession of our thoughts and imaginations, and charms them away from all external things; so that there will be more attraction toward internal experience, or 'going home,' than toward women or any external thing whatever." I heartily agree with you, when you say we "had better seek for this, and cry for this, and give ourselves no rest until we get it, and not expect to get out of trouble without it." (By the way, you are badly mistaken in saying that *all* the churches teach that it is impossible to be saved from sin in this world; the Methodist Church has always taught Perfectionism.)

Besides all this, I see plain enough the evils of our family system, and in *property matters* am an uncompromising Socialist. But here is the perplexity. If my experience be any test, or my understanding of the Bible either, sanctification does not produce this *Catholic conjugality* you seem to teach. I don't find that the supreme love of God has any tendency to make me love all women, or even Christian women, alike. And what you call Male Continence, if I understand it right, seems to me contrary to the immutable law of nature.

Brother, am I wrong? If so, can you set me right? I stand open to conviction; for he who loves God must love abstract truth.

Your brother in Christ, C. L. J.

ANSWER.

O. C., May 2, 1869.

DEAR MR. J.:—Having formerly been a believer and advocate of Wesleyan Perfectionism, but lately a disciple of what I consider the true exposition of the New Covenant, I am naturally interested in your communication. Any thing like a just discussion of these great topics, would require far more time and space than a brief note; but if a hint would help put you on track of the infinite good, I would gladly suggest it. I think you will find, on further examination, that there is a wide difference between Methodist Sanctification and our idea of Salvation from Sin; and that this difference will account for the results which you speak of. *Suspension* of sin is not salvation; neither is *legality*. So my experience teaches me.

L. BOLLES, JR.

### ITEMS.

THE Chicago University for women will be begun this summer.

THE dismissal of unnecessary clerks continues in the Post-office Department at the rate of twenty-five a day. In other departments large reductions are taking place.

THE Spanish Cortes rejected an amendment to the constitution establishing a moderate censorship of the press, and the original provision guaranteeing liberty of the press, freedom of meeting and association, and the right of petition, was adopted by a large majority.

THE Legislature of Wisconsin at its last session, passed a law making it a penal offense to destroy or kill, by any device whatever, brown-thrushes, blue-birds, martins, swallows, wrens, cat-birds, meadow-larks, or any other insect-eating birds, anywhere within two miles of any incorporated city or village in that State.

AT a meeting of the French Bishops and Cardinals held recently in Rome, several reformatory measures were introduced, which, to the great surprise of conservatives in the Church and out of it, were favorably received. The first is, to reverse the decision of the Council of Trent concerning the celibacy of the clergy; second, to declare that every Catholic priest, with the permission of his superiors, may marry; third, to abolish the Latin Liturgy, and substitute for it, as the Czar has done for the Greek Church, the language of the nation in which the service is performed.

## Announcements:

### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 664 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

### WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

### WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system *Complex Marriage*, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

### ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

### STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price list sent on application.

### WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

### MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.]

### MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
Wallingford, Conn.

### PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: The Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-house and Group, and Bag-bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished at 40 cents each. Views, *cart de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

### PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or *Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse*. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per doz.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail at \$1.75.

The above works are for sale at this office.

MESSES. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR and orders for our publications.